

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1904.

NUMBER 41

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## An Old-Fashioned Woman.

No clever, brilliant thinker, she,  
With college record and degree;  
She has not known the path of fame,  
The world has never heard her name.  
She walks in old, long-trodden ways  
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love her dower,  
She seeks no other wand or power  
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,  
To win a smile and wipe a tear,  
And do her duty day by day  
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined  
As round some reverend saint enshrined,  
And following hers the childish feet  
Are led to ideals true and sweet,  
And find all purity and good  
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still,  
God rules the world in good and ill,  
Men in her creed are brave and true,  
And women pure as pearls of dew,  
And life for her is true and grand,  
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place  
For all the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And hearts are happier where she goes,  
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—thank God for her!

## A TRUE STORY.

### "THE RUM MILL'S GRIST."

On a conspicuous corner of one of New York's principal streets a brick building which had long been occupied as a hardware store was undergoing alterations. Across its front was a large canvas, upon which was gaudily printed the words quoted above. It was a desirable corner. Hundreds of people passed its doors every day on their way to the cool and restful park only a few blocks distant, where handsome equipages, with well dressed occupants, rolled in almost endless procession along the picturesque driveways, in striking contrast with the hot pavements and narrow, poorly-ventilated, and over-crowded tenements of the great East Side.

It is as natural for a saloon-keeper to seek the best corners as for a fish to live in water. Money will tempt the average landlord, and an offered increase of a few hundred dollars in annual rental decided in McMillan's favor. The lease was signed, and the hardware merchant, after sixteen years' tenancy, was notified to vacate.

Carpenters, plasterers, painters and decorators soon worked a wonderful transformation in the appearance of that corner. When the mill commenced grinding on May 1st, there was no more elaborately equipped saloon in New York. Every device which the ingenuity of the trade could design, and every available attraction that art could produce and money could purchase, were provided. Clusters of electric burners, suspended from unique and brightly burnished fixtures, filled the spacious room with a flood of light and cast their rays upon the street to attract the passers-by. Costly mirrors everywhere. Expensive cut-glass, parquet floors, rosewood bar, brass trimmings, choice liquors, courteous employees, good location—everywhere bespoke a liberal patronage, and a prosperous career for its owner.

"Why, Fisher, I am delighted to see you. Where have you kept yourself the past year. I haven't seen you in months. You used to come around often when I was at Eighty-fourth Street. What has happened?"

It was thus that McMillan greeted a man whom he met on the street in front of his saloon on the evening of the "opening."

Fisher was a German—a decorator. He was married, and the father of three little girls, five, seven and ten years old. He had been a victim of the drink habit, but had reformed about eighteen months before. Since then he had worked steadily, and his family was comfortable, in a well-furnished little flat on Second Avenue.

Fisher was plainly embarrassed by his reception. "How are you, Mr. McMillan?" he replied, as he accepted the proffered hand, adding, in a hesitating manner, "I have been very busy during the past few months."

"But it is hardly neighborly for you to cut old friends without some explanation or notice, is it, now? Come, be frank, old man! But come in. I have just opened this store. Come and have a drink," McMillan said, persuasively.

"No, I think not," replied the workman. "I thank you for the invitation, but I would rather—well, my family is waiting for me. I think I would better hurry home."

"It will take but a moment," urged McMillan, as he clasped Fisher's arm. "Come in, and wish me success in my new enterprise."

Fisher still hesitated. "To tell the truth, McMillan, I've sworn off. I've drunk no beer or strong drink for a year and a half."

"That's all right. I'm glad to hear you've turned teetotal. One glass of beer, however, to renew old acquaintance, will do no harm. You need drink no more."

By this time they had passed over the threshold. There were many boisterous greetings from friends and acquaintances of former days. The brilliancy of the saloon, the warm greetings which he received upon every side, the excitement of the moment, awakened memories long dormant, and an appetite that had given him many a desperate struggle to overcome.

When he staggered through the door into the street a few hours later, Fisher's pockets were empty. His week's wages had gone into the till. McMillan smiled grimly. "He has sworn off, has he?"

The mill was grinding. Fisher was in an ugly mood when he reached home. His children, weary of watching, had retired and were asleep. His wife, hoping against fear, sat waiting for him. She recognized his heavy, uncertain step upon the stair, and knew that he had fallen.

"Can't you get me a better supper than this," he growled, as he seated himself. It was nearly midnight, and the supper had become cold. His patient wife made no response, but proceeded to wait upon him. Soon he threw himself upon the bed and in a few minutes was in a drunken slumber.

Mrs. Fisher's pent-up emotions could not be restrained. She tried to plan for the future. "There are my little girls. I have so wished to educate them. If Carl continues to drink, I shall be unable to keep them in school."

She had done no shopping, excepting to go out in the evening when her husband returned with his wages. Had he spent it all? she wondered.

He was surly and cross when he awoke. "I have no supplies for to-day," his wife said to him, timidly.

"I can't help it," he snarled. "You and the brats have been getting my earnings for a long time. I'm going to have a good time now."

After he had gone the children gathered around their mother as she silently wept. "Don't worry, mother, perhaps father will stop drinking, and we will all be happy once more," they said.

"Yes, darlings; but why he should neglect us I cannot understand. Why should he rather spend his money in the saloon than upon his family? We have always tried to make home pleasant for him, and he has received nothing but kindness."

"Papa didn't kiss me this morning, as he used to do, and say, 'Good-by, little girls,'" lamented the youngest child.

Although it was Sunday, Mrs. Fisher was compelled to buy provisions. She had no difficulty in getting the goods on credit.

That was the beginning of dark days. Mr. Fisher continued to hang around saloons. His employer refused him work. His continual befuddled condition and unsteadiness unfitted him for employment. Mrs. Fisher obtained a position as janitress of a flat building, but the income was insufficient to pay household expenses. Article after article of furniture went to the pawnshop. She struggled along, and toiled early and late, to avoid sacrificing her household goods. It was unavailing. In a few weeks their home was almost bare. Her husband continued to come and go, but as he did not work he could contribute nothing toward his family's maintenance. He was becoming more degraded. Several nights his wife found him in the gutter and assisted him home.

"Oh, mamma!" the eldest girl cried one day, as she rushed into the room where her mother was, "I passed that saloon over on the

avenue a few minutes ago, and I saw father there. What do you think he was doing?"

"I'm sure I do not know, darling," her mother replied, her eyes moistening as she returned the fearful look of her daughter.

"He was washing out spittoons. There was a nicely dressed man, with a heavy gold watch chain, and a big diamond in his shirt, standing in the door, swearing at papa, and I heard him say he was a good-for-nothing bum. He told him he did not want him to come around any more; that he disgraced his business. I felt so sorry for papa. I went up to him and said, 'Papa, come home.' He looked at me and swore an awful oath. I was so frightened, I ran home as fast as I could."

Mrs. Fisher took the child in her arms, and gently stroked her cheeks, while the tears flowed afresh. As she tried to comfort her, she spoke of former happy days. "We do not know but they will come again. We must pray that God will save father, and help him to reform. You remember what Mrs. Kilpatrick, from the Sunday School, said yesterday when she called. We must be patient and kind, and continue to show that charity which suffereth long."

That evening—it was Saturday—Fisher was more taciturn than usual. There was a nervousness about him which his wife could not understand. He looked around his almost barren home, and appeared disappointed.

"Wife, have you any money? I must get a drink. This thirst is awful. See that thing over there, sticking its tongue out at me. Ha, I'll fix you!" hurling a pitcher in the direction he had pointed.

His wife knew what the outbreak betokened. The children were quickly but quietly dispatched on an errand. Then, turning to him, she said, "No, Carl, I have no money to buy drink with. If I had—" The sentence was never finished.

"Give me something to pawn then," he shouted. "That black skirt—anything."

"No, you cannot have that," was the calm reply.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed demoniacally, "this will do," picking up at the same time, from a box, a little Bible.

"No, no, you must not!" his wife urged. "That is a prize your daughter won at Sunday School last Easter. It will break her heart if you sell that." She caught his arm, and attempted to take the book from him.

Infuriated, reckless, with the strength born of the paroxysms of delirium tremens, he turned on her and, with clinched fist, struck her a terrific blow. She fell unconscious upon the floor. "Take that," he shouted, "for interfering with me! I'll teach you," he laughed, in drunken glee, "to not refuse me again when I ask for money."

Stooping over the prostrate and unconscious form of the woman he was so rapidly crushing in spirit he took from her finger the gold band which he had placed upon it, that memorable June day a few years before, when he had taken a solemn vow that he would love, honor and cherish her.

In a few minutes the Bible and ring were in the possession of a nearby pawnbroker.

"Is Mr. McMillan in?"

"I'm Mr. McMillan. What can I do for you?"

"I'm from the Electric Light Company. I've an order to collect your bill, or disconnect your equipment."

Fisher was standing at the bar. He had just spent the last nickel received from the pawnbroker. "You should have no trouble paying your bills, McMillan," he muttered. "You got enough from me the night you opened here to pay a month's bill, I should think."

"Shut up, you drunken loafer," McMillan hissed. With oaths and curses he ordered both Fisher and the electric light man from the place, saying, "I'll pay the bill when I get ready."

Fisher, ugly and pugnacious, refused to go, and was finally thrown out into the gutter.

A coin was handed by the collector to a bootblack who leased the basement, and access to the wires

was thereby obtained. In a few minutes the saloon was plunged in darkness.

The mill had stopped grinding. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in July. The great East Side was hushed, compared with other days. Few children were on the streets. The clamor and confusion had not commenced. Mrs. Fisher awoke the children early. "I'll get them dressed and away to Sunday School before their father is up," she said. "Afterwards we will go to the park."

She was hurriedly dressing them, when the door opened and her husband stepped into the room. He was trembling and unsteady. His face was unshaven, his hair uncombed, his clothing ragged and dirty. His haggard features gave unmistakable evidence of dissipation. There was a fiendish expression in his eyes. She was alarmed.

"You turned against me last night. You would not help me in my suffering. When that snake was crawling up my arm, and I tried to shake it off, you caught my arm, and held it!" he excitedly shouted. "See that grinning creature over there. You brought them here to torment me."

He staggered menacingly around the room. The children clung to their mother in terror. He advanced a step, and drew from his pocket a revolver.

His wife sprang toward him, intuitively thinking of her children. "O Carl! Don't, don't!" she cried.

There was a flash, a loud report. Mrs. Fisher fell upon the floor. The bullet had pierced her body. In the presence of his terror-stricken children the crazed man turned the revolver upon himself. Another shot rang out. He lay beside the prostrate form of his wife, the top of his head shot away.

Mrs. Fisher was removed to a hospital in an ambulance, and died a few hours later. Her last words were for her children. The Sunday School buried the victims of the awful tragedy. The orphans were placed in an institution for homeless girls.

This grist is ground! Eight years have passed since that saloon was opened. It has never prospered. Many persons have endeavored to make it pay, but each has abandoned it after a few months' trial. Much of the time it has been vacant. The change from hardware to grog was unfortunate for the landlord, financially; but what shall we say of the awful loss of human souls, whose value cannot be estimated by the sordid standard of dollars and cents?

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

## A Disenchanted View.

It is unsafe to judge by appearances, even the most agreeable ones. The bachelor who is interested in the experiences of his married friends was in a car with a couple with whom he was acquainted. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the car, but a lumbering, overgrown boy, in his passage to the door, managed to hit it with one foot, fall over it, and break it before he regained his balance.

"Oh, I'm sorry I broke it!" stammered the unfortunate, with a scarlet face. "I—I'd like to pay."

"Never mind. I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the lady smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

"Well, I must say your wife is an angel!" exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "Most women would have withered that clumsy boy with a look, if they hadn't scorched him with words."

"She is an angel," said the married man, as he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife, "but—she's wanted a new umbrella for a month, and now she knows I will get it for her. It's a sad world, isn't it? Full of disappointments and disenchantments."

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## FANWOOD.

### The Fanwood Literary Association.

#### ELECTS OFFICERS.

#### Basket Ball—Others Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Fanwood Literary Association, was held in the chapel on Saturday evening, October 8th. Counselor and Principal Currier presided, and gave a short address on the good work done by the Association for the good of the pupils here. The graduation of our first vice president made it necessary to appoint one to fill the vacancy, and a ticket had been arranged for voting by members above the Fifth Grade. The ballots were distributed to the members in due time, and then the work of counting them was immediately begun, and the ticket elected is as follows:

#### COUNSELOR.

ENOCH HENRY CURRIER, M. A.

#### PRESIDENT.

THOMAS F. FOX, M. A., Lit. D.

#### FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

VERNON S. BIRCK.

#### SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.

SAMUEL COHEN.

#### SECRETARY.

MARY TANZAS.

#### TREASURER.

PRUDENCE E. BURCHARD.

#### DIRECTORS.

MARY L. BARRAGER.

EVA E. BUCKINGHAM.

WILLIAM G. JONES.

EDWARD S. BURDICK.

ISAAC B. GARDNER.

EDWARD P. CLARK.

It was found there was little opposition on the part of the voters to change the ticket. The number of votes received by each officer was: Dr. Fox 105, Vernon Birck 106, Samuel Cohen 102, Mary Tanzas 104, and the Board of Directors 106 votes. The work of voting being over, Principal Currier deemed it necessary to have the elected officers give an "exhibition," which he did by calling them to the platform to give addresses.

The addresses began from the officers at the bottom till the top of the list, each director giving some advice to those who wish to promote the welfare of the association. Prof. E. S. Burdick was called to Brooklyn on some important business, and could not attend the meeting.

The Treasurer, Miss Prudence E. Burchard, gave the report that she had the sum of sixty-three cents on hand. This shows what a good financier she is. The Secretary, Miss Tanzas, made a short address thanking the members for her election. The addresses were given in order, till Dr. Fox's turn came. Dr. Fox dwelt upon the improvement that was shown by the various classes called to the platform to give debates, readings and dialogues of all sorts. He remarked that Prof. W. G. Jones was the oldest member of the association, it being thirty-nine years. Dr. Fox said he would give a lecture on the coming Presidential election, before the association next Saturday, and the meeting was adjourned at ten minutes to nine o'clock.

An outdoor basketball court has just been arranged in the boys' yard by our Physical Director, Mr. Trevanion G. Cook. It is situated on the north side of Main Building, and opposite to the new Dormitory Building. It is on level ground, and will be used on days when the weather permits. The basketball season opened on Saturday last, and games were played for the first time on it.

On Friday evening last, Captains Birck, McAllister and Rosenberg, at the invitation of our tutor, Mr. Berkel, a member of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y., went to see the regiment reviewed at their armory, 59th Street and Fourth Avenue.

The regular monthly meeting of the Protean Society was held on Wednesday evening, in the Cadet Officers' Reading Room. Important business matters of the Society were discussed and transacted by those present.

Principal Currier sent to Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Sr., at her country home in Herkimer County, the colored sidelights of the Mansion House entrance. Mrs. Robinson was Fannie Monroe, after whom the estate now occupied by the Institution was named "Fanwood." Her father, Col. James Monroe, built the Mansion House.

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Mary changes have been made in the drilling of our companies. Mayor W. H. Van Tassel, assisted by Mr. Berkel, have adopted the 1904 regulation drill of the U. S. Army, and will hereafter use it in all the competitive drills of this school.

Mr. Frank Adams, formerly a hallboy here, has been appointed to the position of night supervisor. After leaving the position of a hallboy here, he secured work in the Hotel Savoy, but left to work here. Color-Sergeant Max Kisberg was called home on Saturday last to attend the wedding of his cousin.

Mme. Norden, the Principal of the Queen Sophia of Sweden School for the Deaf-Blind, Her work has been most successful from the practical stand point.

Hyman Sandusky, a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School for Deaf-Mutes, was a caller at Fanwood last week. Some one must have played a joke on him, as he asked at the office for a copy of all the Reports of Schools for the Deaf in the United States.

S. C.

## An Honest Boy.

There were a dozen of us waiting around the depot at Chatanooga to take the train for Atlanta, and pretty soon a stout, red faced and high-tempered man from Columbus, O., began jawing about the way he had been bled by the waiters at the hotel, and added that there wasn't a single honest nigger south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"I beg your pardon, but I must differ from you," remarked a man from South Carolina.

"Differ be hanged!" shouted the fat man. "I wouldn't trust one of them out of sight with a ten-cent piece."

"Oh, you certainly misunderstand them. I'll bet you the cigars that if I give one of 'em a \$10 bill to get changed he'll return as straight as a string."

"I'll do it. Give your money to that chap by the window!"

The gentleman walked over, took a bill from his pocket and quietly said:

"Boy, run up town and get change for this."

"Yes, sah," was the reply, as the youth hurried out.

In about fifteen minutes he returned, walked up to the Carolinian and returned the bill and said:

"Went all ober, sah, but could not git it busted."

He was rewarded with a dime, and the Buckeye, after a great deal of puffing and blowing and wondering over it, paid for the cigars. As we boarded the train I asked the winner:

"Did you know the boy?"

For answer he took the bill from his vest pocket and unfolded it. It was a \$10 Confederate note.—Free Press.

Hallow'en Picnic under the Gas Light.

On Saturday evening, October 29th, there will be a Hallow'en Picnic under the Gas Light Entertainment given in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, for the benefit of the Guild of Silent Workers. Ladies will please bring lunch. The Committee will furnish Hot coffee.

Admission will be fifteen cents. THE COMMITTEE.

## The Sun a Prison—A Legend.

There was once a little Indian lad who, from his cradle in a hammock, learned to shoot birds. He made himself a beautiful red and brown coat from the feathers of the birds which he killed, and he was very proud of it.

One day after a long hunt little Shooter-of-Birds, for this was his name, lay down to rest on the top of a mountain. He was awakened by the odor of burning feathers. While he slept the great Sun had risen over the mountain, and with his hot breath had scorched and rained his wonderful feather coat.

"Did you do this, O Sun?" shouted the angry boy. "You shall never rise again!"

He ran to his home in the mountain cave and set to work to make a snare for the Sun. Long hours he spent in twisting fine cords of hemp, weaving them together until a rope as strong as steel was made. With this he climbed again upon the mountain top and spread a coil across the skies for the coming Sun. The mischievous manitous helped him spread and hold it, and sure enough, the great round Sun, blinded by his own light, rose right into the meshes of the coil. Shooter-of-Birds fastened the cord to the mountain peak and ran away, shouting to the ensnared Sun, "Never again will you scorch my feather coat!"

Hours, days and months passed by. Darkness lay over the earth, and grass and trees, flowers and insects, beasts, birds and even people suffered and died. The whole earth grew cold, and the animals huddled together in caves to keep warm.

Finally they all decided to set out together to beg the Sun to come again. But they could not see in the darkness, save perhaps the Owl and Wildcat, so they became separated, lost their way and starved or were frozen. Only the tiny Mole persevered. Day after day he crawled along over the dark, cold earth until a month had passed. Then he found himself on the mountain peak where lay the helpless Sun.

"Cut away this cord that binds me down, and I will gladly return to light and warm the earth again." So answered the Sun to the entreaties of the Mole.

In spite of the heat the brave little fellow crept nearer to the great rope which bound the captive. His hair was singed and his little back was scorched, "I will try," he said, and gnawed away hour after hour. He kept up heart by saying to himself, "The world needs the Sun. He must be freed even if it costs my life." At last the cord was severed, and the Sun sprang gayly up into the heavens again.

In a little while the grass grew fresh and green, the plants raised their heads and were full of blossoms, the animals crept forth from their caves, and the world was again a place of joy and beauty.

But the little Mole never again saw the beautiful world he had helped to save. The glare of the Sun had put out his eyes, and even to this day the blindness of the Mole reminds us of the anger and cruelty of the little Shooter-of-Birds.—Krohn's First Book in Hygiene.

## A Word to Grumblers.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peace-makers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the weak and the needy  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves must be,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

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THE Committee on Program of the National Association of the Deaf, in the assigning topics to for presentation before the Congress of the Deaf at St. Louis, no doubt was guided by the special fitness of each individual for his particular work on one of the several subjects which the program outlined.

It is, therefore, somewhat disappointing to peruse Mr. Olof Hanson's paper on "The Industrial Status of the Deaf in the United States." Not that Mr. Hanson has failed to present his ideas in fitting language, but because the paper itself, however clear and excellent in expression, is almost entirely theoretical, and the suggestions are impractical in the extreme.

The writer's failure to grasp the true import of his topic, is no doubt ascribable to his meagre opportunities for observation along the lines which his assignment carried him.

He is correct in crediting the "gratifying prosperity of the deaf generally" to the "wise policy of the schools in teaching trades," a policy in which schools for the deaf were pioneers, and which is being imitated, in modified form, by the public schools.

But we take exception to the statement that the chief object of the industrial department of an institution for the deaf, is to afford relaxation for the mind and to ascertain the natural bent of the child. Neither do we agree that sloyd should be a substitute for trades teaching at school.

That sloyd has its usefulness in educating the deaf, may be conceded. So has the kindergarten its special value in developing and stimulating the mental activities of little children. But neither of them comprise more than the rudiments of a scholastic course.

Regarding the occupations best suited to the deaf, the section of the country in which they reside must be given the first consideration. Conditions of trade vary very much according to latitude and longitude.

Mr. Hanson gives expression to the opinion that "real trades instruction should begin after the school course is completed," and suggests a system of apprenticeship in large factories, with a "traveling instructor," who should be "a man of tact and common sense," and "should be paid a salary equal to that of a good teacher." Supposing this to be practicable, a man capable and willing to assume the direction of a number of apprentices in a varied assortment of trades, would need to have other qualifications than tact and common sense, and the salary of a good teacher would have to be a good deal higher than the generally accepted standard to induce him to accept such a contract.

It is hardly probable that any such arrangements could be made with the heads of large factories, by which a number of unskilled and incapable deaf-mutes could be allowed to waste time and material as apprentices. The fact is, that even with special training and a degree of ability at the outset, it is not easy to get a trial in the big establishments. Employers hesitate to give the deaf a chance to demonstrate their capability, from

the impression, unfounded or not, that time must be sacrificed in giving them the necessary directions, and where the work includes familiarity with costly machinery, deafness is regarded as an almost insuperable obstacle, entailing, as it must, the risk of injury to the machinery or to the deaf-mute himself, and the consequent liability of the employer should an arm or a finger be lost.

Mr. Hanson's suggestion that the literary and technical instruction connected with the work should be carried on through a systematic course of correspondence, is so absurd as to require no attention.

Some Institutions for educating the deaf are doing the work in the most approved way at present. It is true, the number of trades is necessarily limited; but a trade like carpentry, for instance, forms a groundwork for a great number of occupations.

Whether or not the deaf become first-class workmen at the trades taught them at school, should not prejudice one against the system.

There are failures in the classroom, to which trades' instruction is an auxiliary, and for the very same reason—deficient intellect. It is a mistaken idea to think trades teaching means merely manual dexterity and skill. The first-class workman possesses, beyond mere manual skill, the education of the head which enables him to understand the principles that underlie every operation, to plan and measure and construct. And it is at the institution where all this ability—mental and manual—should be inculcated and developed.

The main cause for a great many failures, is that parents are unwilling to allow their children to remain at school until their course is completed. They want to profit by the small earning capacity of their children, just as soon as any is manifested, with the result that in most cases the lives of these children are blighted by a mediocrity that is an additional incubus on their already great handicap of deafness.

Yet Mr. Hanson recommends that deaf graduates go into factories as apprentices, and, without any remuneration, attempt to learn the different trades under the supervision of a "traveling instructor," supplemented by a system of correspondence.

At school, they are clothed, lodged and fed, educated in mind, manners and morals, given the best of medical care when sick, disciplined in mind and body, amidst surroundings that are pleasant and healthful, all without any tax upon their family's purse; but with all these advantages, their parents are loath to allow them the full measure of benefit, as is evidenced by the never-ending withdrawals from school as soon as a small profit from the work of their hands can be realized. Is it likely that these same parents would subscribe to Mr. Hanson's factory plan, with its attendant cost for clothing and support, and devoid of the dollars which these parents, with peculiar persistency, seem to expect and would not fail to demand?

Without any disrespect for Mr. Hanson, and with a full recognition of his abilities as a scholar, an architect, a thinker, and a gentleman, we regret very much that the topic he essayed to elucidate was not put into the hands of a man better qualified by investigation, environment and practical experience.

### Says Deaf Mute Used Bad Language.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 9.—George Gilbert, a deaf-mute, accused by Edward Gailman another mute, of swearing at the latter, was arraigned to-day, and through an interpreter defied his accuser to prove it. Gailman's complaint was that Gilbert had used violent, indecent language and had cursed him with great violence, all by a few rapid twistings and wavings of his slender hands.

When Gailman tried to reproduce the silent words of Gilbert the interpreter started and then informed the court that the two mutes talked in different languages and used systems that were not alike.

The case was complicated enough before this information was offered, and in despair the police judge took it under advisement.

The Klondyke gold output, this year, is expected to be about \$10,000,000.

## THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM AMONG THE AMERICAN DEAF.

Read before the International Congress of the Deaf, St. Louis, August 24, 1904. By Olof Hanson, M. A.

THE industrial condition of the educated deaf in the United States is on the whole very gratifying. Nearly all find employment suited to their ability, and with few exceptions they are self-supporting and wealth-producing citizens. About one-half of the adult deaf are sufficiently prosperous to be able to marry and raise families in comparative comfort.

The above statement applies to the educated deaf, those who have taken the full course of instruction offered by the various States. The condition of the uneducated deaf is vastly different. Most of them are dependent on relatives or other persons with whom they live.

Very few deaf are to be found in almshouses or dependent on charity, and these few, it will be found, are mostly uneducated or partly educated. There are a number of peddlers touring the country who ask people to help a poor deaf fellow. Most of them are not deaf at all, but hearing impostors, who trade on the sympathies of the public by claiming to be deaf.

While the great majority of the deaf are engaged in manual pursuits, a number have risen above the ranks. This is especially true of those who have had the advantage of college training at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., although some who have not attended college have still attained success and prominence.

More than two hundred deaf in the United States are teachers. Two are college professors. A dozen are or have been principals of schools. Half a dozen are lawyers, one of whom has had the distinction of practicing before the United States Supreme Court. About a dozen have been ordained ministers, one of whom received his degree from Oxford University, England. Two are successful architects. Several take high rank as painters and sculptors, their work having been admitted to the Paris Salon. One is a State botanist, and his contributions to science have attracted national attention. Several hold lucrative positions as assayers and chemists. A few are engaged in banking and real estate. A dozen are editors of papers connected with schools for the deaf, and about an equal number publish or edit papers of general circulation among the hearing. Quite a number are in business for themselves, such as printing, engraving, photography, and various mercantile enterprises.

To enumerate the various occupations in which the deaf are engaged would make a long list. In fact it would include nearly every ordinary occupation in which hearing is not absolutely necessary.

Probably the best occupation for the deaf is farming, and a large number are successfully engaged in this calling. About the only objection to it is that it is lonesome, and for this reason many leave the country for the city. Somehow the attempts to teach farming and gardening at school are of little value. Pupils of ability should be encouraged to enter the agricultural departments at State universities. Scientific cultivation is but little appreciated as yet in this country, but will be more so in the future. Dairying is a remunerative occupation, and forestry is receiving more and more attention.

Next to farming, factory work offers the best opportunities for the deaf. Shoemaking and wood-working, such as is carried on in sash and door factories, car shops, etc., afford employment to many. In the finer grades of work, such as furniture and cabinet work, the deaf seem to meet with less favor. This is probably due rather to lack of opportunity and training than to lack of ability. Girls find employment in paper-box factories, cracker and candy factories, knitting and weaving mills, etc.

Printing affords employment to many bright men and a few women. The invasion of the typesetting machine has not seriously affected this trade. Job work and display advertising on the large dailies afford remunerative employment. Several have mastered the typesetting machines. To become a successful operator, however, requires quickness and accuracy which are not possessed by every one. The machines are expensive in the consumption of gas while being operated, and a slow man cannot operate them economically and to advantage.

Mechanical work, such as the manufacture of electrical apparatus, bicycles, watches, and small machinery, is well adapted to the deaf, and greater opportunities for mechanical training should be provided.

Tailoring as a trade is not of much account, judging by the few who follow it, although first-class tailors find ready and remunerative employment. The reason is: the general use of ready-made clothing. Shoemaking by hand is in much the same condition, owing to the almost universal use of factory-made shoes. Harness-making is a better trade.

The deaf generally receive the same pay for the same work as hearing men, and most employers care little whether a man is deaf or not so long as he can do the work required and is loyal to the interests of his employer. Here and there an employer is found who is prejudiced against the deaf. This is usually the result of his having had unsatisfactory experience with deaf individuals. Such cases, however, are the exception rather than the rule.

The deaf quite generally join labor unions where the nature of their occupation permits. Labor unions have done much good in securing higher wages and shorter hours, and in most cases it is to the advantage of the deaf to join them. Some unions, however, are controlled by demagogues, whose chief aim is to stir up trouble, and the deaf should be warned to keep out of such unions. They should be taught to look upon employers as friends rather than as enemies, which latter seems to be the view taken by many labor agitators of today.

For some of the information on which the above statements are based I am indebted to the courtesy of the Committee on Industrial Statistics. Definite information regarding the occupations of the deaf is useful and interesting, and the work of this committee should be continued and extended.

Perhaps the best evidence of the prosperity of the educated deaf is to be found in the large number who own their homes. While accurate data on this point are not available, probably from two to three thousand deaf in the United States own the homes in which they live.

The gratifying prosperity of the deaf generally is in a great measure due to the wise policy of the schools in teaching trades. In this policy the schools for the deaf were pioneers. The public schools have since adopted this policy in a modified form, and manual training is now a recognized part of the educational system in every progressive community.

The industrial departments of our schools are generally well managed, and as well equipped as the funds will permit. According to my observations deaf instructors as a rule do the best work. There are exceptions. I have seen some very good hearing instructors, and some mighty poor deaf ones. But the rule is the other way. It would be a good plan once in a while to give the industrial instructor a year's leave of absence to knock about and learn the new wrinkles in his line, and ascertain what his pupils need to learn at school.

To attain the highest efficiency, however, the whole system of industrial training in our schools should be radically changed. In the early days of the schools many of the pupils were almost grown-up men and women, and the need of teaching them trades was obvious. Now, on the other hand, the pupils are mostly quite young and generally too immature to learn definite trades while at school.

The occupations which the deaf can follow are many and varied, whereas the number of trades that can be taught at school are few. Many of these occupations require expensive machinery which the schools cannot provide. How to bring the deaf directly into the occupations for which they are adapted is the problem. The solution must be found in some kind of apprenticeship. Industrial training at school is valuable not so much for the instruction given in particular trades as for the training which it gives to the eye and the hand and the habits of industry thus formed. Its chief object should be to furnish relaxation for the mind and to ascertain the natural bent of the child. For this purpose sloyd, or manual training, is preferable to set trades. This department should be extended so as to include not only working in wood but also in metal, clay, leather, etc. Considerable freedom should be allowed. Working in metal, such as with wire, old clock wheels, etc., would discover the child with a mechanical turn of mind. Clay-modelling would reveal aptitude for carving in wood or stone, and for sculpture. One of the most gifted sculptors in the country to-day did not discover his talent till he was upward of twenty-five years old. What if he had found his calling when a boy?

Real trades instruction should begin after the school course is completed. A few trades can be taught at school through a post-graduate course. But I think the schools should go further and by keeping in touch with large factories might apprentice the pupils and start them on such careers as are best suited to them.

There should be a traveling instructor who would go among the factories and look after the apprentices and the literary or technical instruction connected with the work should be carried on through a systematic course of correspondence. The apprentices should serve without compensation, at least part of the time, and during the apprenticeship should still be under the direction of the school. On completing the course a certificate should be given stating the exact

standing of the workman, and it should be given only for merit, so that in time the certificates would be of recognized value in seeking employment.

Such an instructor, being a State officer, would command more attention and be in far better position to secure suitable places for the deaf than the deaf themselves or their friends. It goes without saying that he should be paid a salary equal to that of a good teacher.

The plan proposed need not cost the schools any more than the present system. The only expense would be for the instructor, who would take the place of several trades instructors. It would give the pupils a much wider range of occupation than the trades taught at school, for, as is known, only a small portion of the deaf actually follow the trades learned at school.

In this way I believe many deaf might be placed in positions which they could fill with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their employers. It would prevent many attempting occupations for which they are not fitted and changing from one to another. It would give those possessing proper qualifications a chance to enter the right field, which they might never have otherwise.

## INDIANA.

### SALE OF THE INSTITUTION LAND.

Owing to the delay in issuing the first number of this paper, we are able to announce the decision of the commission for the sale of the institution land, although it was not given out until Saturday, October 1. The seventeen-acre tract north of Washington street brought \$50,000, and was bid in by a firm of real estate dealers. The land will be subdivided into lots and put on the market.

The central tract, on which stands all of Institution buildings, was divided by a line running east and west parallel Washington street just in front of the school building. The north part of the tract was purchased by the city for park purpose. The city's part includes all of the central group of buildings, the engine-house laundry, light station, ice-house, barns, carriage and cattle sheds, etc. It also takes in the magnificent grove of forest trees in the front yard. The consideration was \$45,000. It is the intention to clear off the old buildings and make a park of the ground. It will make a fine park, with plenty of room for play grounds.

The southern part of the main tract was purchased by the Pennsylvania railway company. Their purchase includes the two shop buildings and the schoolhouse. It is understood that the railroad company will convert the schoolhouse into a Y. M. C. A. and club-house for the use of its employees, of which they have several thousand in this city. The land will be used for an extension of the company's yards.

The C. & H. & D. railroad bought a strip along the north side of the field adjoining the tracks on the south, and a coal dealer bought the small triangular piece of ground at State street and English avenue.

The prices received for the land are considerably higher than the assessed valuation, and are very close to those at which it has been valued from year to year in the inventory of the institution's property. Possession is not to be given for two years.—*Silent Hoosier.*

## GRANT'S PHOTOGRAPHER, GUSTAVUS W. PACH, DIES.

FOUNDER OF THE FAMOUS FIRM OF BROTHERS EXPIRES AT FIFTY-NINE.

Gustavus W. Pach, an uncle of Mr. Alexander L. Pach, founder and for many years head of the firm of Pach Bros., died Sunday evening at Mt. Sinai Hospital, where he had undergone an operation. Mr. Pach was fifty-nine years old, and had been a photographer for forty-five years. When seventeen years old he was connected with the photographic house of Turner & Co., then the leading photographers of New York.

In 1869 he went to Long Branch, where his work attracted the attention of President Grant, who introduced him to the Childs, Drexels, Murphys and many other prominent residents. Through President U. S. Grant's influence he became photographer to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He had enjoyed comparatively good health up to the present Summer. Mr. Pach leaves a wife and three children, the oldest, a youth of seventeen, who is preparing for Yale.

Mr. G. W. Pach is well known to many of the deaf-mutes in New York City, and the New Jersey coast, where he had photograph galleries.

At the General Convention of the Episcopal Church being held at Boston, Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, informed the Rev. A. W. Mann that he administered confirmation to three deaf-mutes at one of his mission stations north of the Arctic Circle about a year ago.

## NEW ENGLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 10.—This chilly autumn air has already driven the straw hat out of service and the box car into service.

Moses Goldenofsky, an ex-student of the Providence Oral Institution for the Deaf, has returned to school in Washington, D. C., for four years more to finish his education.

Joseph Donnelly, a well known compositor of Woonsocket, R. I., has been visiting in Boston, with friends.

Nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-four persons were killed on railroads in this country last year, as an evening paper recently said. They managed such things better in England.

The presence in Boston at the present time of so many noted and famous churchmen of the Episcopal Church has made it possible for some towns to listen to preachers of wide fame and great prominence.

Among those who attended the big convention was Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., and he was to preach to the local deaf last Sunday, but was prevented by lameness, and he had to stay in Boston and preached to the inmates of the Home for the Aged Deaf instead. He had his half-tone portrait in the Boston *Evening Post* last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Searing, of Boston, preached to the local deaf last Sunday at Grace Church. The attendance was quite large. Mrs. Morlock was invited to sing a hymn called "Marching, Christian Soldiers," which she did so in a graceful manner. After the services Rev. Mr. Searing talked interestingly about his recent trip to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Among the attendants of the recent funeral of Senator George Frisbie Hoar in Worcester, Mass., was Mr. John Frisbee, father of E. W. Frisbee, of Boston.

The coming winter promises to be very bright, especially in Boston, as many parties are being talked over, and there will probably be three all-night entertainments in that city. The first one will be given by Messrs. Babbitt and Wickens, Wednesday evening, November 23d. The second one, probably the latter part of December or first part of January, by Mr. Small, and the last on February 22d, for the benefit of the Home for the Infirm Deaf.

Among the deaf outsiders who attended the New England convention at Portsmouth, N. H., early last month were Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Prof. McVaine of Philadelphia, Mrs. Adam Benson, of Michigan, Mrs. Faye Timmerman, of Rochester, and Rev. Mr. Van Allen, of Central New York.

Last Saturday was the red letter day for Boston baseball "fans."

She—Who was that man with the terribly twisted and bent fingers—a baseball player?

He—No, a deaf and dumb Russian who uses the sign language.—*Boston Globe.*

The Chicago deaf may be interested in knowing that among the members of Blaney's "Across the Pacific," who is playing this week at one of Chicago's theatres, is Justin McCarthy, a brother of S. McCarthy. He is an orchestra musician and also has two parts in the play.

S. N. McC.

### Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P. M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

1904

Sept. 8—Guild Meeting.  
Oct. 6—"  
30—Entertainment.  
Nov. 3—Guild Meeting.  
17—Entertainment.  
Dec. 1—Guild Meeting.  
23—Christmas Enter.

1905

Jan. 5—Annual Meeting.  
26—Entertainment.  
Feb. 3—Guild Meeting.  
23—Entertainment.  
Mar. 2—Guild Meeting.  
23—Entertainment.  
Apr. 6—Guild Meeting.  
26—Entertainment.  
May 4—Guild Meeting.  
25—Entertainment.  
June 1—Guild Meeting.  
15—Strawberry Festival.

### Deaf-Mutes Elope

Clarence M. Houston, of Springfield, and Miss Mary E. Esworthy, of St. Joseph, Ill., both deaf-mutes, were married at the home of George H. Roberts, half mile northeast of Illiopolis, Sept. 19th, at 10:30, by Rev. Philip Hasenstab, a deaf-mute minister of Chicago. No one was present except Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, also deaf-mutes. A wedding dinner was served at noon.

It was an elopement. She ran away from home two weeks ago and has been hiding with relatives at Farmers City until to-day. Her father is a wealthy farmer near St. Joseph and was much opposed to the wedding. He will try to take her home when he finds her.—*Springfield Register.*

At the morning session of General Convention, October 27th, the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, General Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, read an address on "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," prepared by the Rev. A. W. Mann.

## ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Monday afternoon, James Caton, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, fell from the retaining wall just back of the shop at the lower corner, recently occupied by Beckett Bros. into the creek, a distance of about ten feet. Before assistance arrived, Mr. Caton had succeeded in climbing half way up the wall. He suffered an injury to his back, but otherwise was not seriously hurt.—*Ex.*

Miss Minnie E. Olin, of Lincoln, Neb., left last Thursday for Milwaukee, after spending a five weeks' visit among relatives in Omro, Wis. She is the guest of her cousin, Geo. E. Morton and family, at 423 Twenty-third Street, for ten days. Mr. Morton is a prominent lawyer of Milwaukee.

In company with the Rev. S. Stanley Searing, B. D., the Rev. A. W. Mann attended the reception given by Bishop Lawrence on Saturday evening, October 8th, in honor of the Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., K.C.B., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan. The reception was given at the Episcopal residence near Harvard University, Cambridge, opposite Boston. Delegates to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church were presented to the Archbishop. A light tea was served. Among the delegates were Dr. Percival, Lord Bishop of Hereford, England; and two Canadian Bishops. On the previous day, writing to the Rev. Mr. Mann, the Bishop of Hereford asked: "May I give my best wishes for your good work?"

On Sunday October ninth, at the hour of eleven in the morning, the Rev. Austin W. Mann celebrated the Holy Communion and preached for the Rev. S. Stanley Searing at St. Andrew's Mission, Chambers Street, Boston. At the close of the service, Mr. Searing hastened to the train for Providence, to conduct worship and convey light on gospel truths to the silent folk of that city. In company with Mr. Tufts, the Rev. Mr. Mann proceeded to the Home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes at Allston, outside of Boston. At four o'clock in the afternoon a service, with a short address, was held.

In teaching the deaf, no literary qualification, or skill in signs or knowledge of deaf-mute character, will avail any thing without industry, and to the young teacher contemplating this field of work, or to the one who has just entered upon it, it would be well to carry a constant conviction that it is only through untiring effort, and continual perseverance, that any progress is made. Don't make the mistake that you can take a few months preparation in theory, and enter the school-room, prepared for success, unless you combine with it a great deal of enthusiasm, that will prompt you to work long and hard. You can't teach deaf children, by sitting down and pondering over some of your outside affairs, or dreaming over what you will do in the future. The present is the available time for the accomplishment of good, and when you are nursing your ills, and thinking over your troubles, the deaf children are acquiring habits from which they will be hard to draw, and you, yourself are falling into ways that will render you a nonentity in the school-room.—*W. Va. Tablet.*

### Deaf Girl Hit by Car.

Lizzie Washerman, a deaf-mute girl, is in a serious condition at her home in Newark as the result of being struck by a trolley car which she failed to notice owing to her affliction.

A young woman of the north side, who had had some experience in living at boarding houses, left town on a business trip recently, to spend a few weeks in West Virginia. After being there a few days, she wrote home:

"Dear Mother—I have got the nicest boarding house I was ever in. Most of the boarders are away a good deal of the time. The only one who is at the house much is a nice old gentleman, who doesn't bother any one at all. In fact, he is the quietest man I believe I ever saw. I don't think he has said half a dozen words since I have been here, and I don't remember that I have really heard him say anything."

A week later, came another letter: "Dear Mother—What do you think? That quiet man I wrote about is deaf and dumb.—*Columbus, O., Evening Dispatch.*

To prove that base ball is of Biblical origin, an exchange quotes the following: The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebekah at the well she was walking with a pitcher. Sampson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea. Surely it is a Scriptural game.



## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Overwhelmed by the Lafayette's.

KAPPA GAMMA ERATER-NITY.

Brevities

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 9th.—On its return from Easton, Pa., whither they had gone to meet the beefy pigskin pushers of Lafayette, our team had a harrowing tale to tell. The score against us was 53 to 0. Our men were outweighed from twenty to sixty, or even more pounds per man. And for all their weight, our opponents were very fast, and ran off the plays with great speed. They were also in excellent condition from a much longer period of training than our fellows have enjoyed. We have no doubt that the score of the Lafayette-Princeton game, which comes off on Wednesday, before this is published, will show Lafayette's strength to be such that yesterday's score was in no wise a disgraceful one for us. All the rest of the games now on our schedule are with opponents who are somewhat nearer to being in our own class than the beefy Eastonians, and it remains to be seen how we shall acquit ourselves against these. Here is the line-up in yesterday's game:

GALLAUDET	LAFAYETTE
Reichard	left end Thomas, Stook
Garrett	left tackle Wren, Flad
T. Williams, '08	left guard Rogers, Doud
D. W. Douch	center Hoskins
Chandler	right guard Logan
Mikesell	right tackle Newberry
Menner	right end Van Atta, Hopper
Erd	quarter back Shuster
Kutzebe	left half back Elliott
Seelye	right half back Craig
Messner	full back McAvoy, Van Atta

A brief summary of the game is given below, taken from the accounts of players, eye witnesses and the newspaper reports. In the first of the twenty minute halves Lafayette made seven touchdowns, from which Van Atta kicked two goals. These were all made by straight football, our men being wholly unable to withstand the fierce rushes of the Eastonians. Two more points were added in this half on a safety, bringing the total up to 39 to 0. In the second half, Lafayette relaxed her efforts and gave her kickers a chance to try dropping goals from the field. They made eight points in this manner on goals by Newberry and Shuster. Then Van Atta made another touchdown and kicked the goal. So the game ended with the score 53 to 0.

The chief faults of our team were too high play, slowness in starting and lack of teamwork. These, however, are faults which can be and doubtless will be corrected by faithful and unremitting practice. Souder, ex-'00 has generously volunteered to coach the team on practically every afternoon from now on. It is our hope that his unselfish efforts will be rewarded by marked improvement in the respects mentioned above. Our boys are plucky enough, there is no criticism to be made on that score. And they are wiry and tough enough, for the most part, to stand a lot in the way of hard knocks. We never had a "quitting" foot-ball team and we don't propose to begin now.

The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club met in the Lyceum on Wednesday last and elected the following officers: President, Paul H. Erd, '05; Vice-President, E. Rowse, '06; Secretary, J. W. McCandless, '08; Treasurer, Dan M. Reichard, '06; Captain, J. H. MacFarlane, '07.

On the next day the Kappa Gamma Fraternity assembled in the first council of the year. The following brethren were raised to fill the various posts and offices in the ranks of the Fraternity: Grand Rajah, Bro. Edward H. Garrett, '05; Kamos, Bro. Thure A. W. Lindstrom, '06; Tahdheed, Bro. Edward M. Rowse, '06; Mukhtar, Bro. Frank E. Mikesell, '06; Ihu Phillaken, Bro. R. C. Horton, '07; Ihu Ahmed, Bro. J. C. Peyton, '07; Eft Thaalibre, Bro. J. B. Chandler, '07; Abba-Tekoth, Bro. Otto C. Meunier, '05.

Committee (On Probation)—Lindstrom, Erd, Reichard, Faupel.

Committee (On Initiation)—Garrett, Meunier, Sayles, Peyton.

Committee (On Banquet)—Erd, Rowse, Horton.

Mr. Allan Fay will, in the near future, move into a house on 7th Street, less than a block from the college.

Preston, I. C., from Michigan, is the latest of all to reach the Green. With Robertson, '08, who arrived earlier in the week, he brings up the number of the men to just sixty.

Our much-travelled W. Williams, I. C., is in great demand as a lecturer. His narratives and accounts of his peregrinations prove highly interesting to many to us. Truly, travel is a great broadener of the mind! This particular

duckie is also an artist at the Highland fling.

The G. C. A. A. has gone into business and agent Tomlinson, '08, is doing a thriving business in chocolate, apples, and the great American peanut.

Davis, I. C., who tumbled over the banisters last week and sprained his ankle, is recovering handsly and will soon discard his crutches. We devoutly hope that no one of our football players will be obliged to take them up as soon as he lays them down. May they rest undisturbed on a hook in a dark closet and may the cobwebs grow all over them!

Roy Stewart, '99, met with a painful, though not a serious mishap at the game between George Washington University and Western Maryland yesterday. He was among the crowd, which was held back by a wire stretched along the side of the field. He had laid hold of the wire to keep his place at the front. In so doing he had carelessly inserted a finger into a loop, where two ends of wire had been joined together. Presently the wire tightened and caught our poor friend's unlucky digit in the loop. He let out a hoot that so startled Bielaski, of G. W. U., that he dropped the ball. With the assistance of those near at hand, the finger was extricated and Stewart wended his bleeding way to the Emergency Hospital, where he had his hurt dressed.

Mrs. T. A. Kiesel has joined Miss Fish's Normal Class.

Chandler, '07, who played right guard in the Lafayette game, wishes us to state in our letter that he fell on the hall once. Why this ardent desire for fame on the part of our stout friend? E. M. Rowsb, '05.

## BALTIMORE.

Messrs. George and Philip Boss had the misfortune to lose their mother, who passed away very suddenly Thursday, October 6th. They have our sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast and children are at present in Canada, on a visit to Mr. Feast's parents and relatives, whither they went about two weeks ago.

James C. Stubbs, foreman of the cabinet shop, at the Maryland School at Frederick, was in town with his wife for a few days on business. Before returning home he called on the writer and we had quite an enjoyable chat. He reports every thing getting along at regular clock work at the School. He also said that Miss Rosa Harris is back at teaching again after an absence of several years on account of sickness. She is well again.

James Flanagan a one armed mute who claimed St. Paul Minn. as his home and a former baseballist struck Baltimore two weeks ago and spent several days here. We helped him on his way to Philadelphia and also furnished him with several days' board before he left.

Frederick Douglas Morrison, Sup't of the Colored Deaf and Blind School this city died Saturday evening, October 8th, at St. Joseph Hospital, aged 64 years. He was taken ill last Sunday, and as he rapidly grew worse he was removed to the hospital the following day. The doctor diagnosed Mr. Morrison's illness as appendicitis, and performed an operation Monday evening. The patient's age lessened his chance for recovery, and he succumbed to the shock resulting from the operation. He was one of the foremost educators of the blind in the world.

Mrs. Fred. Menkel and one of her children are critically ill at their home with typhoid fever.

J. A. Brandlick, Secretary of the Society, gave a two hours' talk to the members and others at the Hall, Wednesday night, October 5th, about his trip to St. Louis and the World's Fair. Owing to the lateness, he will finish his lecture sometime next month.

James Moylan, of Wilmington, N. C., after an absence of many years was a visitor at the Society Hall last Wednesday. He formerly lived in Baltimore, but has been living in North Carolina since his marriage. He has one child, a boy 6 years old.

Miss Florence Alban is on a visit to her relatives and friends in Carroll County, to be gone one month, so she informed your reporter.

The Society will have a Grand Moving Picture Exhibition at its hall, Friday evening, October 28th, a feature of the show being a train robbery.

Rev. O. J. Whildin is home again after a three weeks' tour down South, and he preached at the chapel, Sunday evening. He said that he passed through eight States during the weeks. He also announced that he will give an account of his trip to St. Louis last August, in the Parish Hall Thursday night, October 13th.

Stephen E. Sandbeck is working in a large chair factory in Canton, and is earning good wages.

Rev. D. E. Moylan will go to Frederick, Wednesday, October 12th, to be absent for several days, and says that he will stop over at the Maryland School.

Oct. 10, '04. J. A. B.

Motor dustearts have proved very successful in London.

## CHICAGO.

An Evening with "Mrs. Wiggs."

A PLEASANT PARTY.

All the News in Brief.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

An evening with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," was announced by Miss Grace Knight, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, at the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, held at the chapel on Wednesday last, for next Saturday evening, October 15th. The story is full of intense interest and will be read by the writer at 8:30 P.M. Miss Baumann will first introduce the author of the story to us, with a short sketch, if she can find it.

Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab will describe Mrs. Wiggs and her home, which she saw last summer.

Mrs. Wiggs is called "An Angel of Sunshine," because she struggled along severely and desperately for many years, and yet managed to keep cheerful to the last.

Every one is cordially invited to attend, and help swell the charity fund of the worthy society.

Admission, fifteen cents per person or twenty-five cents a couple.

Miss Knight will distribute very little stockings among us, after the talk is over and request, us to put in as many pennies as we measure the size of our stockings, and bring the little filled stockings into the chapel, as a "Thanksgiving offering," next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowes seem to be bent vigorously on prolonging their lives in the best way possible, by entertaining friends often, or cheering up those who are in trouble. They believe on the sunny side always.

On Monday night, October 4th, they gave a party at their home, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Tilley, of California, and served appetizing ice cream and cake and fragrant coffee. Eighteen jolly friends joined the happy host and hostess in playing old-fashioned games furiously, until their house vibrated, rattled and cracked (?).

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hunter made their daughter, Ethel, happy, by presenting her with a new Bryant piano.

Rev. Hasenstab baptized the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stephens, last Sunday, naming her Ruth Treidler Stephens.

Miss Annie Mittman has returned home with her aunt, from Saginaw, Mich., where they enjoyed their visit for four weeks.

Mrs. James Broadway, nee Nellie Lamb, is visiting her old friends in Chicago. She and her husband have a beautiful home in Coldwater Mich., and are prospering well.

Mrs. Nordyke, of La Porte, Ind., is a guest of Mrs. Rev. Hasenstab for a few days. She will go on to her son's at Belvidere, Ill., on a visit.

Mrs. Andrews expects to return to Los Angeles, Cal., soon, to live with her married daughter. Her son has gone there already, when he was assured of a good position for himself.

On Thursday evening, October 6th, Mrs. E. N. Bowes gave a luncheon, at her home, in honor of Mrs. Angie Fuller Fischer and Mrs. Nordyke.

Wm. Painter, of Sycamore, Ill., and Miss Lela Beach, of Paw Paw, Mich., were married on Wednesday evening, October 5th, Rev. Hasenstab performing the ceremony.

Mrs. Ellen Heinlein has rented her farm and moved into the village of New Buffalo, Ind., to sew for a living.

Master Fred Fraser is visiting Mrs. Heinlein for a week.

Michael Vogel, of Detroit, Mich., was seen at church last Sunday. He has been employed as a cabin boy all summer, on a steamer plying between Chicago and Muskegon, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hyman entertained their old friends merrily, at their home, on Friday evening, October 7th, and served delicious ice cream and tempting cake until 10:30 o'clock.

Among the delightful pastimes was the selection of as many words as possible out of the word "Diplomatic," given by the hostess. Miss Nicols and Mr. Perley each won a pretty prize, for writing the largest number of words.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman have cancelled their "Friday at home" until further notice, because relatives are coming soon from New York to visit them, and then because they expect to go away for several visits.

Our Assistant Pastor, Rev. Ruthford, started out again October 7th, conducting services in thirty-one towns, in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Wisconsin.

The readers of the JOURNAL can well imagine him travelling abroad in all kinds of weather, and doing a labor of love every day and every night, but I am glad to say that the deaf-mutes anticipate the pleasure

of his presence, and welcome him with open arms.

When it was rumored last Sunday that Mr. Collins C. Colby was in town, his old friends rushed into the chapel and the club room, to greet him cordially, but he could not be found.

The following is written by Mr. Ernest Craig: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tilley, of San Francisco, struck Chicago last week, after a very pleasant and enjoyable honeymoon tour of the Eastern cities. Mr. Tilley, being unanimously elected delegate to the Railway mail clerks' convention recently held in Boston, combined business with pleasure, and consequently took his blushing bride along. To show their appreciation of the couple, and moreover to add one more link to their long chain of "never forgotten" incidents and pleasures of their wedding tour, a successful informal gathering of their friends was pulled off at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Buchan, 6401 Greenwood Avenue. The evening was spent in telling stories, cracking jokes and renewing incidents and pleasures of by-gone days. With the serving of refreshments at 12 the party broke up wishing Mr. and Mrs. Tilley a happy, prosperous married life. Those who had the honor of gracing their presence were: Mr. and Mrs. Sonneborn, Mr. and Mrs. Gallaher, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Mr. and Mrs. Codman, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, Misses Vina Smith and Mc-Niece and Messrs. Regensburg, Wayman and Craig.

Mrs. Angie Fuller Fischer has gone home to her sister's, at Rockford, Ill., after having enjoyed a month's pleasant visit in Chicago. Fred. H. Wheeler, David Tellier, and Chas. Des Rochers, of Kalamazoo, took advantage of a cheap excursion, by coming here yesterday, on business combined with pleasure.

Irving Miller and Ralph Burch, of Coldwater, Mich., are also here for sight seeing.

John L. Gage has returned from St. Louis, where he visited his niece and the World's Fair. He declared the Fair to be the most magnificent one in the world.

Jacob D. Brower, of St. Joseph, Michigan, is in town, seeking employment. He has been helping his wife's parents on the farm all summer. S. H. HOWARD.

### Services for Deaf-Mutes.

OCTOBER, 1904.

10-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly.
93-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.
6:30 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.
30-3:30 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston.

S. STANLEY SEARING.  
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,  
604 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

### Brooklyn Guild Notices.

A lecture will be given by Mr. Chester Q. Mann, of Yonkers, N. Y. Subject: "Last Days of Pompeii," at the Chapel of St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, near Dekalb Avenue, on Thursday evening, October 20th, 1904, at 8 o'clock.

There will be a grand reception in honor of Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, General Manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, on the 25th Anniversary of the Mission, in the Guild room of St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, near Dekalb Avenue, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, Thursday evening, November 17th, 1904, at 8 o'clock. Refreshments will be served. Admission, 25 cents.

WM. G. GILBERT,  
Geo. LINDEMANN,  
WM. A. MOORE,  
Committee.

### ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	19
23	20	18	15	26

MAR. APR. MAY JUNE

12 9 7 4

26 23 21 18

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,  
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

## OHIO.

The Foot Ball Season Begins

WITH A VICTORY.

Jottings of a Week

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

For several years the Akron deaf have been at work, through socials and other means raising money with which to furnish a room at the Home. They had already a fund of nearly a hundred dollars in a savings bank of their city. Several months ago this bank failed and it seemed likely that depositors would lose all. Lately however it is reported that the receiver will be able soon to pay creditors a 25 per cent return, and this may be still further increased later on.

The football season is on in earnest among the boys of the institution. There are half a dozen teams among them, varying according to age, and during play hours the pigskin can be seen in many places. Monday after school, the first Independent team had a game on the home grounds with Central High School, in which the latter was badly beaten. Unfortunately however, for the home team, two of its men received injuries which will keep them out of the game the rest of the season. This noon, the team goes down to Lancaster to try conclusions with the High School team of that place.

The Advance Society held a meeting one day this week, and decided to honor "Gallaudet Day," December 10th, with a banquet, to be given that evening. A committee consisting of Dr. Patterson, Messrs. P. P. Pratt and Fred Schwartz, was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

Jesse Blackburn, who left school several years ago, recently met with a distressing accident at his home Cridusville, Ohio. He was assisting in baling hay with a machine. While on top of a haystack, he lost his balance, and in falling, broke both of his collar bones.

Friends of Miss Kate Fey are asking to have her admitted into the home, as she has no one to care for her now. September 20th, her father, whom she had cared for the past six years, died. Her father, at the time of his death was 93 years of age. He was a gardener and pruner by occupation. His home was in Vermillion, and for the past forty-three years had occupied the same house. Steps have been taken to get Miss Fey into the Home, as she has no relatives to care for her.

The potato crop at the Home this year has been a good one. About 130 bushels have been harvested during the season. Recently, two cows were added to the live-stock.

Miss Mary Naylor has come to the city to do housework for Mrs. George Black.

Mr. Collins Sawhill, and Mr. Frank R. Gray, of Pittsburg, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill, and incidentally to find how the latest addition to the family was progressing in her musical tones. The late reunion formed an interesting topic for review to the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Robins, of 1572 South Carson Avenue, lost their third child by death this week. The funeral services were held Wednesday morning, and were conducted by former Superintendent, Rev. W. S. Eagleson, in the sign language.

We should have added Mrs. Wm. Mayer, as one of those who took part in entertaining the members of the Charity Conference in this city, last week. She recited, in her graceful way, "Red, White and Blue," and was heartily applauded in the end.

The first social of the present session was given to the H. C. pupils last evening in the girls' reception hall, and was a very pleasant affair. Ice cream and cake were served in the dining room at the close.

Mr. Thomas F. Goldsmith is at present unemployed, but expects soon to secure work in one of the shoe-factories of Columbus. He has been limping around for some time, on account of a cut on one of his feet. The Chicago *Frat*, of which he is a member, however, helped him along a little, to the amount of ten dollars as a benefit.

Mrs. Schenck and daughter, and Mr. A. H. Schory and son, Bert, enjoyed the opera play of the Liliputians in Dreamland, which was given at the High Street Theatre this week, through the courtesy of Mr. Alex. Pach.

Mrs. H. Hale, a sister of Miss Louisa K. Thompson, and who was formerly visitors' attendant in the institution here, and later matron of the Minnesota School, died the first of this month. Her remains were brought to Akron for burial.

Oct. 8, '04. A. B. G.

## ST. LOUIS.

The monthly Public Opinion meeting was held on the 7th, to a large audience, and the condensed news of the world for the past month, as delivered by Rev. Cloud, held their close attention for over an hour. These monthly meetings seem the most interesting of all gatherings, judging from the average attendance.

Rev. Whildin paid a hurried visit to this city, but left again without giving a service. He intends coming again in a few weeks.

The monthly social was held on the 28th of last month, with Miss Roper in charge, and the usual pleasant evening spent in various old and new games. The devotees of dancing could not leave it alone, and to the accompaniment of no music, on a moderately good floor, danced to their hearts' content.

Mr. Nowell left recently for California for a permanent stay. Mr. Ross also departed for Colorado Springs, Colorado, on the 17th, for the winter.

The Chicago correspondent of the *Silent Worker* wishes to know why the writer omitted an account of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club's social. As the writer was on the banquet committee, he could not possibly cover both affairs. It would be better to ask the club why did not one of their members write up the social and hand it to this writer.

In a new directory of the deaf of St. Louis and surrounding towns there are 368 names, not including children. We understand St. Louis is credited with a silent population of over six hundred. The other two hundred odd seem hidden away—unknown to any save their near relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Dieckmann recently had an addition of two—both boys—to their family. All are doing well.

The Missouri State Building at the Fair, the scene of two enjoyable gatherings of the Deaf during Convention time, will witness another on the 18th, as it has been secured for a reception in honor of Miss Helen Keller on the 18th. The old Local Committee of National Association has got together again, and intends doing something to make Miss Keller's visit to St. Louis one of the pleasant memories of her life.

The Missouri and Nebraska Schools are at present occupying quarters in the model school at the Fair until the end of the month or so. Mr. Blankenship, art teacher of the latter school, has several pupils working and gives daily receptions in one of the rooms that has been transformed into a studio.

Mr. Cooper, of New York, is in this city at present for an indefinite stay.

In a recent issue of the *Deaf American*, "E. F. L." in writing of the Convention incidents said that the crowd had to wait an hour after the time specified for their lunch at the Bungalow on the Fair grounds. According to the writer, and to others whom he has interviewed, scarce fifteen or twenty minutes passed after 7.30 before the doors were opened. A small wait like this must be expected, "E. F. L." also the crowd came on time. The writer happened to pass the place an hour before the time mentioned on the tickets, and saw about two hundred or so already gathered around the Bungalow. We regret anything happening to mar one's pleasure, but when people come early and get next to the door, they must expect some crowding on the part of later comers, and some visitors doubtless found this out.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 16TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M. St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M., Holy Communion. St. Ann's Church Parish House, St. Ann's Ave., and 140th St., Bronx, 8 P.M.

Bible Class in St. Ann's Guild Room, 2:30 P.M.

Lecture, "Postal Systems of the World," by Mr. A. A. Barnes, in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, October 18th. Free to all.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all. The Bible Classes will meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Friday evening, October 14th. Shadow Entertainment. Tickets, 15 cents.

## NEW YORK.

The League of Elect Surds.

CHURCH HAPPENINGS.

Personal and Otherwise.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The rooms of the League of Elect Surds are becoming the headquarters of out-of-town deaf visitors. The League of Elect Surds always extends a cordial welcome to non-resident deaf. During the past month the influx has been greater than at any time during the past several years. The latest to visit the Surds' headquarters, was Mr. Jacob Baerlechner, of St. Gallen, Switzerland, who is a fabric designer, and was attracted to this country by the St. Louis World's Congress for the Deaf. He was not a delegate, but came here just as a spectator, and that he has learned much goes without saying. After the World Congress of the Deaf in St. Louis, he traveled about the country all alone, and when questioned if he was afraid to get lost, he shook his head and said that he was used to traveling, and thought America, especially New York, the safest place for strangers. On Thursday, October 4th, he sailed for Germany on the Kaiser William II, and from there will go back to his home.

There was quite an enthusiastic gathering at the Parishioners' Meeting of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, last Tuesday evening, in the Guild Room. All the belated summer business was attended to, and Committees appointed for the Fair and the Thanksgiving donations. Mr. Edward Elsworth, with Mr. John H. Keiser, are chief officials in the Fair Committee, with Mrs. Emma Brown as general manager. The Thanksgiving Committee is:—Mr. William S. Abrams, Mrs. W. Buhle, Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce



## BUFFALO.

The summer of 1904 has gone for good, and now the good times are being looked for, as the winter approaches us.

Miss Rutha L. Curtiss was called to Rochester, N. Y., to become assistant supervisor of the girls in the School for the Deaf there. Hearty congratulations are first in order. May she meet with success, and the next time she comes to Buffalo, she will perhaps display her "fat purse" (?)

Messrs. Bromwich, of Silver Creek, N. Y., and Mr. Daley, of Angola, N. Y., were in this city for Labor Day. These young gentlemen seem to think no place so good as Buffalo, so they come whenever holidays occur, and besides this seeming fact, there is another attraction somewhere, that holds them, but in what form it is, it is needless to explain.

Miss Margaret Hutchinson, '03 of Gallaudet College, called on her classmate, Miss MacPhail, one day last month. She hails from Toronto, Canada.

Should any friend of Mr. August H. Stanbitz call to see him some evening unexpectedly, he would find him nowhere but in his little dark room, busy at work with his numerous pictures. He began to take an interest in this work early in the spring, and since then he has continued to meet with fair success. Some day he may be our official photographer at parties, picnics, etc.

Miss Nellie Leshner and her parents are now comfortably domiciled in their new apartments, recently having moved across Franklin Street, their present number only one less than their former.

The deaf population of this city has been lately increased by the addition of a Mr. William MacKay, formerly of Woodstock, Canada. If he finds the work he obtains here agreeable, he will live here permanently.

Mrs. Rose Seigfried was seen by ye scribe not long ago, at her home. She complained of not having felt well for some time. The cause was a cold. She is a great reader of this JOURNAL.

Rev. F. C. Smielan conducted a Holy Communion Service and Sermon in Trinity Chapel on September the eighteenth. He comes here once a month for the present, until further changes in his program can be arranged.

The Principal of the Le Couteux School for the Deaf, was awarded one thousand dollars for having won the second prize, in the recent Guessing Contest, given by the Hengerer Company. This prize went to lift off the debt from which the school has been suffering.

Mr. Jaffray, '08, of Gallaudet College, stopped here for a few hours, on his way to Washington, D. C., from Canada, his home. He is the fifth Canadian boy now to enter college.

De Sales Benevolent Society opened on Sunday, September 18th, again. Also the Literary Society, the following Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallet, of Niagara Falls, were seen in this city, last Sunday.

Mr. Roy J. Stewart, '99, of Gallaudet College, had the pleasure of visiting this city and the famous Falls, on September 17th. Did he get lost at the latter? No, indeed, not; he had one of the fair sex to guide him there. He was on his way back to Washington, D. C., from Michigan, where he had been visiting his relatives. He is at present working in the Census office, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Klein, of Lemon Street, have gone of Rochester for a visit with their relatives and friends. They expect to return in a week.

Miss Mary A. Carroll is about the only person from Buffalo, as far as we know, that has been in St. Louis, attending the National Convention. She spoke highly of this, but not of the Pike in the Exposition grounds.

Not only she but also others who have seen our Pan-American, declared that the Midway in our Exposition was much better in many ways, and also that the pavements which we have are fine, as compared with those at St. Louis.

The Clero Society will give a welcome to its members on Friday of the second week of the month. The place of meeting is the same, at St. Paul's Parish House. Since this society was organized for the purpose of strengthening the brotherhood of all the deaf, it is the wish of the members to announce that any person, no matter to what religion the person, may belong; also the color; for instance an Indian; and the question of their financial means, either poor or rich, will be welcome to attend the society.

At the wish of the camping party, I enclose with pleasure, their written story of their outing, they had in Canada:—

"From the 3d to the 17th of August last, Rocky Point Villa, the so-called hut which stands a few yards back from the beautiful shore of Lake Erie, seven miles south of Dunnville, Ontario, was occupied by the Misses MacPhail, of Buffalo, and by Miss Curtiss, of Rochester, both of N. Y. State, and by Miss Beckett, of Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

Remarkable to say that during

the two weeks that they camped there, the weather was splendid with the exception of two days. That being the fact, the campers had an exceedingly enjoyable time.

Long walks, some of which were taken across fields, through woods and apple orchards, covering over fifteen miles and more, were indulged in with merriment.

Bathing was a favorite every-day exercise, even when the waves were at their highest.

At a short distance from where the hut is live the sturdy fishermen, and the campers occasionally took advantage of visiting there. One morning they were fortunate enough to witness about fifty big sturgeon being landed on the pier, from the boat just returned from the lake. And indeed they wondered at the hugeness of them. These fish were at once prepared and packed in ice, ready for shipment. Not only sturgeon were caught but many other kinds of fish.

About a week before the arrival of the campers, the fisherman caught a sturgeon weighing over one hundred and seventy-four pounds. This is a true fish-story, however. Just imagine these huge fish rocking in the lake when the waves are fierce and high!

Messrs Bromwich of Silver Creek, N. Y., and Moynihan of Buffalo, N. Y., made a short visit to the camp, and they seemed to enjoy the campers' hospitality. Perhaps they did not. They declared, on the day of their departure, that they had the best time in their whole lives (?). If so, well, that is good.

They all went about two miles to take a glimpse of the much-beard-c-f-haunted house. The gloominess of it made a strong impression on them, and they took a good look inside and around there. It is said, about two years ago, one could walk through it, every step of the stairs creaking beneath one's feet.

There was nothing in the rooms, not even panes of glass in the windows. Names of many of those who have visited it, can be seen on the walls, that may have been white a century ago. Some cattle pasturing near it, are the only living objects about the place. A funny incident happened at that time of their visit. Soon after the search was over, one of the campers got scared by the unexpected stare of one of the cows, imagining that the cow might butt her. She took to running a race as if for life, which afforded much merriment for the others.

On their way home from the haunted house, they had to pass through a small piece of woods. In the heart of this woods, his picturesque old elm-tree recently blown down by some fierce wind. It would make an exquisite background for a group in a photograph. Any photographer would simply rave over the beauty of this spot. Everything having been left to Nature's care, birds and sheep alone break the peaceful stillness.

There are several very nice farms near the hut where fresh milk, eggs, and butter can be had. Some of the farmer's wives will sell bread and buns to the campers. Walking westward about three miles, one's attention is soon attracted by the sight of a farm house. This farm house and its farm are ideal ones. Everything is so clean and neat as one could wish to find. To this farm the campers went one day, in hopes of getting some delicious honey. None was in store for them, but to their surprise, they all were most cordially invited indoors, where delicious raspberry vinegar and home-made cakes were served. The campers decided, upon their homeward walk, that farmers are more hospitable than city people, and declared themselves to be "lucky tramps"

The day of departure of the two gentlemen visitors was a day of fun for all; a party walked two miles to find a farmer, who would drive all to the station and back. In the afternoon the hay-rack appeared behind the hut, on the Lake Shore road, and into it scrambled this merry party. During the drive to town, much fun was had. Nice fresh hay was on the bottom of the hay-rack, so that when the party was jolted, it only added to the fun. The east-bound train was nearly an hour late, so the gentlemen visitors had that much more time to enjoy the little town.

Dunnville is a small Canadian town, and its people, though very cordial to strangers, acted as if they had never seen a company of deaf people before. The campers at the depot attracted a great deal of attention, and actually enjoyed the "greenness" of the people. Not far from where they stood, were about half a dozen of country boys, gazing at these campers, with mouths wide open, and eyes ready to pop out. So one of the gentlemen visitors spoke aloud to them and said: "Did you ever see me before?" These boys immediately shook their heads, and then he added: "Well, go around the station and see if you can find me." They disappeared like whipped dogs. Another funny incident occurred. After the visitors secured seats in the train, they opened the window in order to converse with the campers, standing outside. Almost immediately one of the campers, (the only hearing person in the crowd) overheard one man in the

car yell out: "For Heaven's sake, why don't he kiss her and have it over?" meaning one of the visitors and one of the campers who were shaking hands through the window.

One delightful fact is that before one can reach the Lake Shore, four bridges have to be crossed. The first bridge you can cross after leaving Dunnville is one that crosses the mouth of Grand River. On the evening of the day the campers arrived at Rocky Point Villa, there was a most gorgeous sunset, such as had never been witnessed before, by the occupants of the hut. The reflection of the sunset, on the lake, through a wide opened space in the woods, was beautiful. The lake was very calm and smooth, and looked as if it were a sheet of ice, and made one long for a good spin on the skates. The lake is a beautiful lake to bathe in. There seemed no end of fun during the weeks that these four ladies remained at the "Elms," the name given to the camping grounds, which are between the lake and the road.

There is a little kitchen on one side of the hut, but meals were taken outdoors, when the weather was favorable.

The Rocky Point must not be forgotten. It is near where the fishermen have their huts, and is a point of solid rock. This rock would remind anyone, of one of some volcanic origin, such as students find in the book of Geography.

This place is an ideal one for camping—everything looked wild and rugged. The campers imagined themselves Indians and enjoyed their freedom exceedingly. But upon their return home, they realized that civilization was still in existence, and so were obliged to submit to it.

May it please you readers to read this poem, "Balancing Accounts," written for the campers, by one of their gentlemen visitors:—

"BALANCING ACCOUNTS."  
"Now what do I owe you for all of this?  
For the summer's joy by lake and cliff;  
For the wooded nook and the stolen kiss;  
For the right and delight on the hay-rack still;  
For the fingers, cool and pink and slim,  
Entwined with mine and the happy laugh;  
Come, what do I owe you, O maiden trim?  
But remember, of all of it, you had half."

Now, what do I owe you, O maiden sweet,  
For the moonlight walks under the spreading beech?  
For the joys I knew on the driftwood seat,  
When we were afar and alone with each?  
Now what do I owe you for the look in your eyes,  
The nectar my soul leaped out to quaff,  
Come, whisper me, dear, how the balance lies,  
But remember of all of it, you had half."

Now, what do I owe you? Take into account  
The pleasure it gave me to help you up,  
Up the scared old cliff it was ours to mount;  
The pleasure it gave me to touch the cup  
Where your own red lips touched the drip-  
pling rim.  
Tell me, Oh, tell me, and do not laugh  
For the joy that shall last till life's light grows dim  
But remember, of all of it, you had half—  
So ends the story of the Camping Expedition.

A. L. MAC P.

### Enforced Benevolence.

The story of Bean Nash is so woven in the life of Bath, one of England's most celebrated watering-places, that one can scarcely see its name without thought of him. There, for a triumphant period, was he autocrat of fashion, and tyrant over aristocracy itself.

When a certain hospital was about to be built there, Nash stood at the door of the Assembly Rooms, one day, to receive subscriptions. Presently there entered a certain duchess, whose custom it was to spend much on her pleasures and little on charities. She gave Nash a familiar tap with her fan, and aid, graciously.

"You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."

"With pleasure, madam," was the reply "if your Grace will tell me when to stop."

He drew from his pocket a handful of guineas, and began counting them out.

"One, two, three, four, five—"

"What are you about?"

"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, still counting; "six, seven, eight, nine, ten—"

Here the lady's alarm gave place to anger, but Nash continued unmoved, with maddening assurance, while he went on counting "Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—"

At his point, the exasperated duchess cried aloud. Catching his hand, she strove to stop his reckless numbering.

"Peace, madam," said Nash, "you will have your name on the front of the building, written in letters of gold. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty—"

"I won't pay a farthing more!" cried she, now at white heat.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," replied her tormentor, coolly, and still went on counting.

"Nash," cried the duchess, now thoroughly enraged, "you frighten me out of my wits! I shall die!"  
"Madam, you will never die of doing good," and he was about to count on, but seeing that he had reached the end of feminine endurance, he agreed to stop if she would give him thirty guineas. Thus was the matter settled, but Nash had lost a friend.

## CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF OCTOBER 17TH.

In line with the splendid productions made of Procter's Fifth Avenue Theatre of late comes the announcement of William Gillette's great war play "Secret Service," which has been for so long one of the standard plays. The Procter management has secured the entire original productions with the mechanical effects and other features, but with new scenery, and the play will be given as careful a preparation as though it were intended to make this revival for an extended Broadway run. Frank H. White and Lew Simmons have a new comedy sketch "Rats," which has been elaborated from one of the standard minstrel sketches. It is one continual laugh, and upon the old foundation is built a new and modern superstructure of crisp dialogue and funny situations.

"The Cavalier," in which Julia Marlowe starred successfully last season, is announced for the permanent Actor Stock Company at the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Theatre next week. This play by Paul Kester and George Middleton was recently given a fine performance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and will be done here with the same careful attention to detail. William Ingersoll will have a congenial role in Captain Oliver, and will doubtless add to his favor by playing, while Beatrice Morgan, Wallace Erskine, Fred Chapelle, Peter Lang, Sumner Gard, George Friend, Ryley Chamberlain, Marion Berg, Margaret Kirker, Mathilde Deshon and others will appear. The original scenery and effects will be had and a more than ordinary performance may be anticipated.

There will be smart vaudeville interpolations between the acts. The Motion Pictures will have a new reel of film as good as those of last week, and other attractions will be announced.

Plenty of novelty and good entertainment are to be found on the bill at Procter's Twenty-Third Street Theatre next week, where the best acts of European and American development are found leading the bill. Paul Spadoni the premiere heavyweight juggler, is at the head of the programme in his remarkable specialty in which the leading feature is the catching of fifty forty-pound cannon balls upon the back of his neck in rapid succession. The trick is one of the greatest difficulty but so certain is Spadoni and so nice is his judgment of distance that he has never had a mishap. There are many others feats which he has made familiar to his audience through his stay at the Hammerstein Roof and the Procter circuit. The Marco Twins, an oddly assorted pair from the London music halls, make a strong hit because of the strong contrast between the two, and moreover have some really funny bits of business. Venie Atherton and company after a smart comedy idea in the sketch, "Where there's a woman there's a way."

### New War Pictures at the Eden Musee.

The Eden Musee has a representative in the Far East who is making every possible effort a secure new and interesting Moving Pictures of the struggle between Japan and Russia. So far no pictures of actual battles have been received. Several pictures show the regular advances of Japanese troops, and one picture shows the retreat of the Russians. Many of the pictures show the troops of both armies leaving towns and railroad stations for the battle field. Other pictures show the soldiers of both armies at drill in sham battle and navy vessels in action and at rest. The new pictures just received from Paris contain many interesting examples of mysterious pictures, and many new groups have been added to the Musee's collection. All of the existing Wax Groups have been rearranged and brightened up. The new figures of President Roosevelt and Judge Parker are attracting much attention, and there is always a crowd of admirers before each. The afternoon and evening concerts are becoming more popular each week. Each program is different, and is so exquisitely rendered that may music loving people are seen at the Musee several times a week. Each programme includes vocal as well as instrumental selections, and each individual member of the Orchestra is an artist.

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